

T. L. GULICK IN NORWAY

Trondjem, Spitzbergen,
North Cape.

SAW THE MIDNIGHT SUN

Interesting Description of One of the
Most Popular of European
Tours by Sea.

Steamer Vesteraalen, July 18, 1899.

We passed into the Arctic zone about midnight. It was so light we could read on deck all night. This has been a serene and cloudless day, one of George Herbert's

"Sweet day! so cool, so calm, so bright,
Bridal of earth and sky."

Much of the time the sea is as smooth as glass. As we glide by these lofty mountains and islands surrounding us, some near and some on the dim horizon, I could easily believe myself on Lago Maggiore, skimming by Isola Bella, than in this Ultima Thule of the Far North. The atmosphere is clear. Now and then we come into an open space in this continuous inland sea, and find ranges of mountains stretching far away so delicately lined against the violet sky in varying shades of exquisite color, as no painter's brush could suggest. It is bewilderingly beautiful; superlatives would only belittle it.

Many of the mountains are sharp and jagged and of very serious forms; nearly all are flecked and streaked with snow.

The glorious panorama is unfolding and changing every minute, so that I berrude the moments that keep me below eating, sleeping, or writing. We can sit on deck and read and look up, so losing nothing. We walk by the hour, taking in the enchanting scene at every step. There is much more variety of color than I had anticipated; white rocks, black rocks, grey rocks, and purple rocks and islands; mountains green, yellow, purple, pink, rose, grey, and blue of all shades, according to the distance, and all of delicate tints.

We are raising inside of islands or through fjords nearly all the time, which gives us smooth seas and mountains on all sides. It is often difficult to tell which is island and which mainland. At noon we stopped in the charming land-locked harbor of Bodø, where we found twelve steamers and many other craft.

The Emperor William came in his yacht Hohenzollern to Trondjem while we were there; the salutes reverberated among the hills. Two other steamers came with him.

Gulls and other sea birds are constantly following us for food. There are many elder ducks. This morning we saw enormous flocks of white birds settling close together on the water to catch what they could of great schools of herring. Some saw a school of dolphins leaping from the water. A few moments ago I observed a large fish near us. From his fin and part of his back which appeared above water, he must have been fifteen or twenty feet long; whether it was a young whale or a narwhal or a shark we did not know, but I believe it could have swallowed Jonah comfortably. We have just come to dock in the wild craggy and attractive Lofoten islands, where two literary and sociable Englishmen have left us to climb the mountains. They were very friendly with us Americans and we shall miss them.

First Midnight Sun.

Trondjem, July 19th, 9 a. m.

Last night unexpectedly we saw our first midnight sun. It was extraordinarily beautiful—in fact, one of the most splendid and inspiring scenes I ever looked upon. It is very doubtful whether we shall again on our trip, or in our lives, see another equal to it. The pilot says in all the years he has been piloting through these waters he has never seen its equal. I was the more delighted because I had said to myself many times, "The midnight sun will not be different from any other sun except that we shall see it at midnight."

I have traveled through the stern and wild mountains of Africa, studied many phases of the Alps by day and by night, camped out amid the unique wonders of the Yellowstone Park, revelled for weeks in the grandeur of the Yosemite, seen the sun rise on a golden sea of clouds from the lofty summit of Haleakala and looked down into its stupendous crater 2,000 feet deep; I have floated by day and by night on the entrancing Bay of Naples, where

"Calm Capri waits
Her sapphire gates
Beguiling to her bright estates";

I have climbed Vesuvius when in fierce eruption; I have prowled for a week around, over and under Niagara, in summer and in winter; I have dreamed by the hour in lovely Taormina, looking down, through the arches of her Greek theater, 500 feet to the winding shores of the blue Mediterranean and up 10,000 feet to the snow-crowned summit of Aetna, the smoke of her torment ascending forever, her blackened sides torn with the conflict of ages; I have seen the tropic splendors of Cuba, Central America, Mexico and Morocco; I have crossed the glaciers of the Pyrenees, and seen the snowy Sierras of Granada above the Alhambra; I have repeatedly ascended those matchless valleys of Hawaii, Iao, Waipio, and Waianae; I have basked in the dreamy beauty of the English lakes and of Maggiore, Lugano, and Como; I have spent nights on the rim of Kilauea, the largest active volcano in the world, walked on its burning marl and descended to the very edge of its thun-

dering, surging cauldron; but I count yesterday the greatest day of my life for looking face to face on the glorious of God's creation. The night of the great eruption of 1883, which I spent on the quaking sides and amid the smoke and the fiery torrents of Mount Vesuvius, surpassed in terrible majesty and sublimity, but this northern night surpassed in glory. To think of such unimagined splendors being created hourly on our earth to be seen only by a few stars!

Every condition favored. About 10 o'clock it became slightly misty and rainy in front of us. The green and snowy granite hills closed in on every side the sun appeared to have set behind the mountains; we thought it had, though it was still light and we could see its rosy flush on distant snowy peaks. The glassy sea became so smooth that every mountain, cascade, tree, house, sail, line, or mass of snow was perfectly reflected, as we once saw the like on Loch Lomond and later on the Italian lakes.

"Where high rocks throw
Through deeps below
A duplicated golden glow."

We appeared to be floating in infinite space between the upper and the nether heavens. Then the cloud-capped mountains shut in our path so completely that we couldn't see any possible way out. Many said that they would touch at a village and turn back, but suddenly the mountains opened and we swept through the iron gates to a scene of growing and unparalleled splendor.

The perpendicular cliffs to the right began to flush rosy red, as though bathed in volcanic light. Before us now stretched many miles of smooth water, with mountains, valleys and fairy inlets on either hand. It became evident that as we advanced the sun would appear from behind some mountain to the left. There was a weird light, as of eclipse or of prolonged sunset, as the sun was skimming along the horizon but hidden by the mountains.

It was 11:30 p. m. The long miles of silent sea were enclosed by a range of jagged mountains directly in front of us. These gradually became so golden in their whole length and from summit to base, that it was difficult to believe they were real, granite mountains, suffused and transformed as they were in that unearthly splendor. They were the veritable "garden of the angels on the slopes of paradise." I could see the flitting of silver wings in the luminous air and over the diaphanous sea. The level lines of clouds above the mountain tops were all shades of gold. The long, level waters were one mass of living gold, slowly increasing in brilliancy. Every change came gradually and yet so rapidly and with such unexpected growth of beauty that we all became greatly excited.

Right in the middle foreground, in the center of that light which never was before on sea or land, as if placed there by the hand of some consummate artist, there now floated a tall, dark, shadowy figure, with long black hair, shadowy dividing the gold of the luminous waters. It was as motionless as the night, but I should never have compared it to "a painted ship upon a painted ocean"; it was so much more beautiful and perfect than any possible painting. It gave just the contrast and still life needed to perfect the enchantment of the whole.

We all thought of the delectable mountains on which Christian wandered, and of the gates of pearl and the golden streets of the city which came down out of heaven. The king had not yet appeared, but was manifestly approaching with his royal attendants from behind the snow and ice. We were going forth to meet the bridegroom at midnight. He really had not bathed in the waters at all. His red rays deepened in color by the mists to the north, were now glowing on the snow-covered mountains to the right, and slowly creeping to their base. In the distance before us something mysterious began to glow like opals, soon to flame like fires, and finally to sparkle like diamonds; we then discovered that they were the windows of a cluster of cottages; but we had not yet seen the king. We almost held our breath. One of the French priests whispered in the general hush of expectation, "Don't breathe." Then from behind a lofty promontory due north, at 11:55 p. m., just stepping on the golden pavement, the bridegroom came out of his chamber rejoicing. Men shouted, women wept, cannon fired, and dolphins leapt from the shining sea.

I hope my poor words will not give the impression that I have been trying to paint up a scene as I would have liked to have it; I have simply tried to give some faint picture of the reality as we saw it, but words are vain. A Ruskin, a Claude, a Turner, could only give hints and suggestions of it. I have sought to be simply exact in every statement. The "silver wings" were of the white sea birds. The dolphins sprang out of the sea at just the crisis, probably stirred by the cannon. Our ship came to the point where the sun would appear from behind the promontory just before midnight, either by extraordinary good fortune, or by careful planning of the captain. Still, captains may plan and pilots may guide, but God only can curtain the heavens and bathe the earth with such midnight glory.

THOMAS LAFON GULICK,
Devon, Pa.

SON OF AN OHIO MERCHANT CURED OF CHRONIC DIARRHOEA.

My son has been troubled for years with chronic diarrhoea. Some time ago I persuaded him to take some of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. After using two bottles of the 25-cent size he was cured. I give this testimonial, hoping some one similarly afflicted may read it and be benefited.—Thomas C. Bower, Gieneco, O. For sale by all druggists and dealers; Benson, Smith & Co., Ltd., agents for K. I.

The Hawaiian Gazette Co. yesterday took an order for printing books which will take one and one-half tons of paper.

ALGOA RUNS ON THE REEF

Big Freighter Ashore at
Buoy One.

FAST IN SIXTEEN FEET

Fortunately She Does Not Block the
Channel Hence the Gaelic
Can Get Out.

(From Saturday's Advertiser.)

The British steamer Algoa, recently chartered by the Pacific Mail Steamship Company for the round trip between Hongkong and San Francisco, touching at Honolulu, ran on the reef near the spar buoy at 10:30 last night and remained fast. She left Hongkong in charge of Captain Hansford on November 23d with a full cargo, including 2,000 tons of sugar for this port. She was sighted off Barber's Point at about 5 p. m. and at slow speed approached the harbor, but keeping too close inshore for her great draught, struck the reef, as stated. As soon as the vessel's condition was apparent, both the Elia and Ironclads were communicated with and they were made ready to proceed to her assistance. The Elia, bearing Messrs. Rose and Suhr representing the insurance company, and the steamer's agents respectively, proceeded to the scene at 12:15 this morning and the Ironclad got away half an hour later.

An Advertiser reporter went out to the scene of the trouble and found the Algoa aground on the extreme Waikiki side of the channel, striking the reef in sixteen feet of water. She was pointing in the direction of Manoa valley, her bow rather high, so that the 20-foot mark was easily discernible. The sea was smooth and the vessel remained rigidly in her position without any perceptible list. She struck during high tide, and unless the tugs Ironclad and Elia can pull her off the reef before low tide sets in, considerable damage may be done. An investigation of her hold showed no signs of leakage.

One of the ship's officers stated that the captain had intended to anchor outside for the night, and slowed down as the opening of the channel was reached. While waiting to find an anchorage the bow swung around and struck on the reef. As she was going at slow speed and did not go on the reef hard, it is thought that the vessel may be pulled off. After striking, the crew were kept going at full speed astern, but the ship did not budge an inch. The officers do not feel alarmed and are confident the Algoa can be slid back into deep water by this afternoon.

Whatever may have been the captain's intention, it is very certain that he completely missed the entrance to the channel. At the time the vessel struck no pilot was aboard. Pilot McCauley reaching the ship soon after. She carries 2,200 tons general cargo and mails for Honolulu; also 9,614 tons cargo for San Francisco and overland cargoes; also 521 cases of opium, valued at \$328,053, one of the largest and most valuable cargoes ever cleared for San Francisco.

The Algoa measures 475 feet over all, has 58-foot beam and 35-foot moulded depth. She is built of steel and is fitted throughout with all the latest improvements, electric lights, etc. She has triple expansion engines and was built at Sunderland, England, in 1896, and is one of the largest freight steamers afloat, having a dead-weight carrying capacity of 11,200 tons. She steams eleven knots. She is commanded by Captain F. G. Hansford; A. Lockett, chief officer; W. Brown, second officer; J. G. Vickerstaff, third officer; A. S. Edwards, purser; H. Auld, chief engineer; Joe Cook, first engineer; J. Davies, second engineer; L. J. Summers, third engineer. The crew is comprised of 14 Europeans and 65 Lascars, sailors. She has experienced boiler-room weather all the way from Yokohama.

A VALUABLE FIND.

National Guardmen Finds Franchise of Tramways Co.

While the troops of the National Guard were quartered in the basement of the Executive building during the late quarantine one of the guardsmen in rummaging around dark corners came across a document of the Hawaiian Tramways Company which is thought to be one of the original papers in the franchise granted to the Tramways Company. The papers were handed over to one of the soldier's superior officers and will probably be turned over to the Government soon. Minister of Interior Alexander Young, when asked whether the document was the one which has been searched for during the past four or five years, said he had as yet heard nothing of the soldier's find.

ISLAND BARTLETT PEARS.

Paul Isenberg Succeeds in Raising Some Fine Ones.

Mr. Paul Isenberg has on exhibition at the corner of Pensacola and Haasinger streets, this is a good-sized, healthy-looking fruit, and is a practical refutation of the claim that pears will not grow here. The tree is a young one, having been planted by Mr. Haasinger some five or six years ago, and this is the first year in bearing, there being six perfect pears.

Several people in the Islands have experimented with this fruit and there

are as many theories regarding growing, fertilizing, etc., as there have been experiments. Mr. Isenberg's tree is, so far as we are able to learn, the first one which has been brought to a successful fruition.

The Seamen's Club.

The Seamen's Club gave an entertainment last night. The singing and the recitations were above the average of the entertainments given by the club. The singing of the men of the County of Merioneth was in Welsh and revealed ability and culture. Mr. Lager presided at the piano. Songs were sung by Messrs. Pooley, Moss, Nottingham, James, Boyland and Ashton. Messrs. Bland and Parsons gave excellent recitations. In fact, the whole performance, though impromptu, was a pronounced success.

A Christmas entertainment will be given on Monday night, with ice cream and other refreshments. The closing entertainment of the year will be given on Friday next.

Loebenstein for Governor.

Returning passengers on the Australia brought the rumor that Representative Loebenstein of Hilo is a candidate for Governor of Hawaii and that he professes to have Congressional backing. There are some outside candidates not only for this office but for about all the others of any consequence under the territorial form.

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In prices is the market for floor and feed, and we follow it closely.

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PURE - BRED
POULTRY!
Eggs for Hatching.

PURE BRED Fowls and Eggs for sale at all seasons from the following varieties:

English Grey Dorking, Black Minorca, Barred Plymouth Rocks, Buff Leghorn, Brown Leghorn, White Leghorn, Pekin Ducks and Bronze Turkeys.

I am constantly in receipt of new importations from the best known strains. Eggs properly packed and fowls well crated.

Prices furnished on application. WALTER C. WEDDON, Eastlawn, Punahou, Honolulu, H. I.

CLARKE'S B 41 PILLS. Are warranted to cure Gravel, Pains in the back, and all kindred complaints. Free from Mercury. Established upwards of 10 years. In boxes of 64, each of all Chemists and Patent Medicine Vendors throughout the World. Proprietors, The Lincoln and Midland Counties Drug Company, Lincoln, England.

Auction Sale —OF— Delinquent Sugar Stock

ON SATURDAY, DEC. 30TH

AT 12 O'CLOCK NOON.

At my salesroom, 33 Queen street, Honolulu, I will sell at Public Auction, by order of the treasurer, Mr. J. P. Cooke, the following certificates of stock in the Kihel Plantation Co., unless the delinquent assessment (fourth assessment), with interest thereon, is paid before the day of sale:

No.	Shares.
23 Henry Waterhouse & Co.	100
66 H. P. Roth	50
111 C. H. Clapp	100
149 W. C. Achi	100
169 Gaston J. Boisse	10
189 Sam. P. French	10
201 Henry Hapal	10
228 Livingston & Soule	10
239 Chas. Weight	10
259 Geo. E. Turner	50
350 T. G. Ballentyne	50
402 S. E. Bishop	40
405 T. H. Petrie	5
429 Henry A. Bunson	10
439 Otto Meyer	50
630 H. B. Schrotke	50
631 H. B. Schrotke	50
651 S. E. Bishop	50
665 C. H. Laage	10
679 C. H. Laage	20
680 C. H. Laage	20
681 Jas. McQueen	25
894 Geo. Morrison	15
944 Henry Roth	25
948 C. S. Wright	10
949 C. S. Wright	20
1016 N. E. Gedke	15
1072 Jas. McQueen	25
1077 A. B. Ingalls	10
1080 H. Armitage	25
1091 C. H. Laage	10
1094 C. H. Laage	10
1224 B. R. Banning	25
1254 C. J. Falk	10
1257 H. E. Gares	40
1280 H. Waterhouse & Co.	50
1285 H. E. Gares	100
1286 H. E. Gares	100
1291 Geo. Manson	10

Names are published for the purpose of identifying the certificates.

JAS. F. MORGAN, Auctr.
5420-2134-4t

Auction Sale —OF— DELINQUENT SUGAR STOCK

ON SATURDAY, DEC. 30TH

AT 12 O'CLOCK NOON.

At my salesroom, 33 Queen street, Honolulu, I will sell at Public Auction, by order of the treasurer, Mr. J. P. Cooke, the following certificates of stock in the Olua Sugar Co., unless the delinquent assessment (second assessment), with interest thereon, is paid before the day of sale.

No.	Shares.
6 Wood, J. Q.	100
16 Atkinson, A. T.	100
17 Atkinson, A. T.	100
18 Atkinson, A. T.	50
27 O'Halloran, Wm. F.	25
107 Ashley, W. G.	100
177 Bishop, M. R.	5
209 Randolph, Geo.	50
232 Dexter, S. L.	100
268 Goodacre, Geo.	25
308 Barnes, Mrs. W. P.	17
320 Brodie, H. S.	25
329 Edings, W. S.	33
346 Madison, Jacob	33
349 Steward, Alice	8
427 Moore, J. M., Jr.	17
441 Fishel, C. J.	83
442 Fishel, Mrs. H.	50
497 Huston, C. E.	33
508 Holje, Martin	333
570 Holt, Chris. J.	17
573 Voss, H. C.	17
699 Reynolds, J. J.	17
769 Hamby, H. F.	35
984 Adler, Peter	50
1035 Gear, Geo. D.	67
1049 Ashley, W. G.	50
1124 Kaiser, Wm.	50
1125 Kaiser, Wm.	50
1126 Kaiser, Wm.	50
1135 Smith, Mary D.	150
1136 Smith, Emma B.	50
1232 Wood, J. Q., trustee	25
1236 Edings, W. S.	25
1260 Edings, W. S.	14
1265 Edings, W. S.	17
1285 Rice, Miss Nellie	15
1340 Meyer, H. C.	100
1343 Hitchcock, H. R.	50
1376 Austin, D. L.	17
1392 Cottrell, W.	31

Names are published for the purpose of identifying the certificates.

JAS. F. MORGAN, Auctr.
5420-2134-4t

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New York Line.

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Coughs,
Colds,
Asthma,
Bronchitis.

Dr. J. Collis Browne's Chlorodyne

Vice-Chancellor SIR W. PAGE WOOD, Lord of the Exchequer, in a judgment published in court that DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE was the whole story of the defendant, F. S. was deliberately untrue, and he ordered to say it had been sworn to. See The Times, Jan. 1, 1904.

Dr. J. Collis Browne's Chlorodyne

Is a liquid medicine which secures PAIN OF EVERY KIND, affords a calm, refreshing sleep WITHOUT HEADACHE, and INVIGORATES the nervous system when exhausted. Is the Great Specific for Cholera, Dysentery, Diarrhoea.

The General Board of Health, London, reports that it acts as a CHARM; one dose generally sufficient.

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Is the TRUE PALLIATIVE in Neuralgia, Gout, Cancer, Toothache, Rheumatism.

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Rapidly cuts short all attacks of Epilepsy, Spasms, Colic, Palpitation, Hysteria.

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